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THE BAPTISMAL FONT,

IN THE CHURCH OF ST. JAMES, WESTMINSTER.

Vol. XXXIV.

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## THE BAPTISMAL FONT,

IN THE CHURCH OF ST. JAMES, WESTMINSTER.

THIS beautiful specimen of art is from the chisel of Gribelin Gibbons. It is sculptured in white marble, and is between four and five feet in height; the circumference at the top of the basin is about six feet. The shaft which supports it represents the tree of life, with the serpent twining round it, and offering the fatal apple to Eve, who, together with Adam, are reclining against it: these figures, which are most delicately sculptured, are about eighteen inches in height. On the basin are sculptured three Scriptural subjects, in basso-relievo; viz. St. John baptizing our Saviour, the baptizing of the Eunuch by St. Philip,\* and the Ark of Noah, with the dove bearing the olive-branch, the type of peace to mankind. There seems formerly to have been a pipe passing down the shaft from the interior, secured by a plug, in order to carry off the water. This font had formerly a suspended cover,† ornamented with foliage, and surmounted by the figure of an angel, in the act of flying; above which, on the chain which suspended it, were a group of four cherubs.‡

There are a great many fonts in England curious both for their antiquity and their architectural design: they date from the Saxon period to the time when the florid style of Gothic architecture was in vogue, in the reign of Henry VII. They are usually shaped like a cup, with a solid stem, or supported on columns, which are often highly enriched with ornament, sculptured figures, and with colour and gilding. In many instances a flight of steps forms a base, and even the sides of these steps are carved with panels, having quatre-foils and rosettes sunk within them. It was usual to shelter the basin of the font with a cover.

There are also others remaining of a pyramidal or spire-like form, richly carved and designed, with a profusion of shafts, buttresses, and tracery piled up to the apex

\* In the apostolical age, and some time after, before churches and baptisteries were generally erected, they baptized in any place where they had convenience: for example,—John baptized in Jordan; Philip baptized the eunuch in the Wilderness; and Paul baptized the jailer in his own house. But in after ages baptisteries were built adjoining to the churches; they consisted of a porch, or anti-room, where the persons to be baptized made their confessions of faith, and an inner apartment where the ceremony of baptism was performed. Thus it continued till the sixth century, when the baptisteries began to be taken into the church porch, and afterwards into the church itself. Antiently there was but one baptistery in a city, namely, in the Bishop's church.

† In early times, the font was shut with peculiar care, lest the consecrated water should be profaned, or stolen for magical purposes.

‡ This cover is said to have been stolen about thirty years ago; but, however that may be, it was subsequently hung up as a kind of sign, at a spirit-shop, in the immediate neighbourhood of the church.—*Brayley's Londiniana*, (1829) vol. II., 281.

§ In the elaborately-designed porch of East Dereham Church, Norfolk, there is a beautiful hexagon font, the base being formed of two steps.

Porchester church has a very ancient font, of a circular form, like the ancient Roman puteal, or circular stone-mouth of the well in the atrium of a Roman house; it is decorated with intersecting arches on columns, with a frieze of foliage, and figures above. Lincoln Cathedral, and the South Church in Hayling Island, Hampshire, are examples of the square form of font on five columns; one being placed in the centre, of much larger dimensions than the four columns which are at the angles. The font of Blythborough Church, in Suffolk, still shows some traces of colouring and gilding; and that of Lowestoff Church, in Norfolk, has some fine remains of sculptured figures, representing kings and queens. The font at Loddor, in Norfolk, is remarkable for its elegance and richness of decoration. In Winchester Cathedral there is one of the most ancient and curious fonts in the kingdom.

There is also a most curious and highly ancient font, much resembling that in the cathedral of Winchester, in the southern chapel of St. Michael's Church, Southampton. It consists of a block of black marble, three feet four inches square, and one foot six inches deep, supported in its centre by a cylinder of the same material, ornamented with horizontal rings, so as much to resemble a barrel, and at each angle by a plain pillar of white stone, of one foot six inches high, and about six inches in diameter. The whole stands on another marble block, out of which are cut bases for the small columns, consisting of a flat ring on a large round cushion. These rest on a plain square plinth, of about three inches high. A plain leaf falls from the bases of the columns, on each angle of the plinth. The top stone is excavated into an hemispherical basin, two feet six inches in diameter, round which runs a scroll of foliage, of very rude execution, but not bad design; and the angles are filled with an imitation of the ancient ornament now generally called the honey-suckle. A deep groove runs round the edge of the basin, to receive the cover; and the irons which locked it down yet remain. The sides of the block, of which three only are now visible, as the font stands against the wall, are each divided into three circular compartments, with a sort of winged monster in each, something like a gryphon; except one, which has an angel in a long robe of linen, covered with a shorter tunic. His hands are folded on his heart, and round his head is the nimbus, or glory. Behind his shoulders, are two wings, which reach to his feet. These sides are one foot one inch and a half deep; and the remaining four inches and a half of the thickness of the block, slope away to the central cylinder, in a sort of fluting or broad leaves, now much defaced. The workmanship of the whole is in the rudest style of Saxon sculpture.]

§ A Walk through Southampton, by Sir H. E. Egglefield, Bart.

## NUTMEGS FOR NIGHTINGALES:

BY DICK DITCH.

## BARTLEMY FAIR.

Don't you remember the third of September?  
 Fun's Saturnalia, Bartlemy Fair!  
 Punch's holiday, O, what a jolly day!  
 When we fiddled and danced at the Bear.

Romping reeling it, toe-and-heeling it,  
 Ham-and-vening it! toddy and puri—  
 Have you forgot that I paid the shot?  
 I have not! my adorable girl.

With rangers and roisters we push'd thro' the cloisters,  
 Had plenty of oysters, of porter a pot;  
 I treated my Babe with brandy, (not B.B.!)  
 And sausages smoking, and gingerbread hot.

She whisper'd, "How nice is fried bacon in slices,  
 With eggs!"—"What a crisis! Love egg'd me on—  
 My darling, says I, I wish I may die,  
 If we don't have a fry to-night at the Swan!

How we giggled when Pantaloon wriggled,  
 And led a jig with Columbine down;  
 How we roer'd when Harlequin's sword  
 Conjured Mother Goose into the Clown!

I toddled my Ruth to Richardson's booth,  
 That Nigger, oda 'trigger! Othello, the Black,  
 He smother'd his crows, the fair Demonium,  
 As she lay fast asleep in her bed on her back.

Rigging's ride again, Fou's come to life again,  
 Punch and his wife again, frolicsome pair,  
 Fooing it, crickey! like Cupid and Psyche,  
 Summon each rum 'un to Bartlemy Fair.

Trumpets blowing, round-a-bouts going,  
 Toby the Tichen, intelligent pig!  
 His compliments sends, luvving his friends,  
 To meet the Bonassus to-night at a jig.

In childhood oft I've bubbles blown,  
 And watch'd them, dancing with delight  
 In the sun's rays, which on them shone,  
 Emitting colours—rich and bright;  
 Then as their hues more brightly gleam'd,  
 They grew effulgent orbs of light,  
 So brilliant, that Sol hath beam'd  
 And broke their forms, as if in spite.

E'en so, hope's ray more flitting still,  
 Its bubbles youthful hearts will court;  
 With future joys their promise fill,  
 Then break them, too, in idle sport:  
 Expanded by this trench'rous sun,  
 The heart its playful dream will take,  
 And many a fondly trusting one  
 Hath hope's bright gleam shone on—to break!

A.L.E.C.

## THE OLD MANOR HOUSE.

There is many a forgotten holy edifice and ancient domicile yet remaining in primitive tranquillity, which the rapid progress of modern invention will shortly draw forth into notice. The power of steam has already enabled the topographer, like another Aladdin, to drop at once into the midst of distant, and comparatively unknown places; and to an excursion on the Southampton railroad, is the reader indebted for the following description of one of them. I pass over the beauties of Winchester, its Cathedral College, and neighbouring hospital of St. Cross, all teeming with interest to the

\* B. B. is the classical abbreviation for *British Beauty*.

antiquarian rambler, and commence my humble sketch by stating, that, after having visited the ancient town of Romsey, and examined its magnificent and stately church, I shaped my course by the left bank of the beautiful river Test, and ascended the woods crowning that portion of the uplands which surround the delightful valley through which it runs. My walk was highly interesting; the trout, as they sported in the well-stocked river, reminded me of that father of anglers, who sleeps in the neighbouring cathedral, and I turned from the recollection of old Izaak Walton, and the Contemplative Man's Recreation, to gaze upon the long, narrow, early English windows of the venerable abbey which stands in the valley beneath. It was, indeed, a scene fit for a painter's eye; a scene in which Gaspar Poussin himself might blamelessly have dipped his pencil; there was a monastic stillness around, which was soothing and delightful; and, when the diversity of hill and dale no longer met my view, it was pleasant to wander on, "by hedge-row, elm, or hillock green," and to mark each venerable oak, and ancient vestigia, which announced the presence of "Standbridge House," to which my footsteps had been directed. The path lay through a back lane, with a pond on the left hand, and ever and anon might be seen amid the intervening foliage, the light blue smoke curling up from its grotesque chimneys into the expanse of heaven. On arriving at the house, I found that it had originally consisted of a centre and wings; the latter projecting very little from the main body of the building; one of them has been destroyed, and there now remains a massive stone front, having five antique and curiously ornamented gables, amid whose decorations the fleur de lis predominates. The windows are massive, and plainly speak the date of their erection, being in what antiquaries denominate the Elizabethan style, which was adopted in the reign of that virgin queen. The entrance is by a curious porch, having seats on each side, and I "tired upon the pin" for that admission which had been granted to many, who, for ages, have been silent and at rest. In the interior, on the left, is a large, ancient apartment, now in much confusion, and evidently deserted; but the sylvan insignia of the "antlered monarch of the waste," thrown negligently on a shelf, the curious and ample hearth, together with the well-known, though indescribable, appearance, ever the attribute of the abodes of the olden time, seemed almost to re-people the room in which I stood with the ancient forms of its former inhabitants, in all the pride of buff coat, steel cuirass, helmet, and golden spur. The kitchen is most interesting to an antiquary, being the oldest portion of a mansion which local tradition asserts to have been the abode of the Saxon King Ethelwolf, but no part of the house now existing can be assigned to a higher antiquity than the time of Richard II. The kitchen was evidently in former times the chapel; this

fact, its perpendicular windows and richly ornamented roof fully demonstrate. The latter is very remarkable, being composed of wood divided into compartments of a decorated character, and having at the intersections of its divisions, curious carvings of angels, flowers, and fleur-de-lis. From the contemplation of long passages and antiquated chambers, I passed round the exterior of the house, and, having admired its complete concealment amid doddered oaks, and lofty branching elms, whose tops were populously inhabited by those hereditary antiquaries the rooks, wheeling and sailing among their nests, with all the delight their free-born nature gives them, and by their noisy clamour arousing, in the minds of their auditors, those meditations which ever accompany

"The arched walk of twilight groves,  
And shadows brown that sylvan loves,  
Of pine and monumental oak."

I accepted the kind and hospitable proffer of mine host, and adjourned with him to a parlour possessing the same quiet and antique attributes of the other portions of the building. Here I met a merry group, and the hearty laugh and jocund song again floated round walls which had often re-echoed the merry fits of former days; and Sir Walter Raleigh himself might have been frightened had he seen the smoke from the Carribean weed, as we lighted our cigars by the brands blazing on the ancient andorous in the fire-place, and quaffed copious draughts of "spicy nut-brown ale." In that happy hour no care intruded, no anxiety was permitted to interfere with the social converse and happy indifference which filled each interval, until

"The glowing embers through the room,  
Taught light to counterfeit a gloom,"

and the approaching darkness warned me that the time of my departure was at hand. I rose, and took a reluctant farewell, and, as I passed the front court of the house, I almost imagined the very peacock participated in the hospitable nature of his master; for, as he stood on one leg, one might have fancied that he extended his claw in token of good feeling and amity, had not its subsequent connection with his pole assured me, that, however my heart might have been warmed, his beat on its usual and undisturbed course.

C. S.

#### ANECDOTES OF THE INSANE.\*

It was said of St. Denis, that he kissed his own head. A madman maintained that this was possible; for he had done it himself. Another madman inquired how he did it; and whether he kissed it with his heel;—and then he laughed at him. From that moment, the man never spoke of it again. Another is said to have believed himself to be the Holy Ghost.

He had a neighbour in the mad-house who *also* believed himself to be the Holy Ghost; and they were brought together. The one inquired,—“Can there be two Holy Ghosts?” The other replied,—“there cannot! I must be wrong!”—He never called himself the Holy Ghost from that day. There was a man who fancied himself dead, and implored to be buried. He abstained from food,—as a dead man ought to do; and was laid out,—as dead men are. He was conveyed towards the church;—not enclosed in a coffin, but carried in a bed. His friends took care that some merry fellows should meet the funeral, at a certain part of the road. They asked who it was that was going to be buried; and the men who carried him replied, that it was a very bad fellow;—that the world had happily got rid of him. This so provoked the man, that he sat upright; and became so savage, that he jumped down to thrash them all. He was then taken home; sat down; ate a good dinner; and recovered from that moment. There was another instance of a man who fancied himself dead, and would not eat; and there was a fear that he would die of starvation. The following stratagem was adopted. Some people dressed themselves in shrouds, like corpses; and went into his room, which had been previously darkened. These people carried food with them, and ate of it well;—saying that they were dead, and that the dead always ate well; and as the patient wished to do everything that became a gentleman that was dead, he thought he would eat too. It is said that he then fell asleep; and that when he awoke, his fancy was gone. Another madman would eat; but he would not be *seen* eating. He had food given him, with a request that he would feed the cat with it. He was extremely hungry, and eat it very readily; but afterwards declared that he had given it to the cat, who swallowed it all down at once!

The most complete and hopeless kind of mental derangement, is *idiocy*; which means such a deficiency of intellect, as to disqualify the person for the common offices of life.

Both “*idiocy*” and “*insanity*” are comprehended under the term,—“unsoundness of mind.” Generally speaking, a *madman* has a *wrong* opinion or feeling; but an *idiot* may be said to have *none*. The *madman* is *wrong*; but the *idiot* is *defective*. According to our law (as expounded by Burn), an individual is not an idiot if he can count twenty, tell his age, know his parents, or answer common questions. The deficiency does not relate to the external senses; for idiots can often hear, see, taste, feel, and smell, just as well as other people. Neither does it relate to the faculties by which a person judges of music, colours, distance, size, or number; and recollects words, &c.; for an idiot may understand music, to a certain extent; may distinguish colours very well; and also size, distance, and number. Many idiots, however, are defective in these particulars; and those belonging to

\* Continued from “the *Mirror*,” vol. xxxiii, p 183; No. 941; March 23, 1836.

the worst class know nothing at all;—they can merely eat, drink, and alumber. Some idiots take a great delight in music. Though it is not likely they can ever become great musicians, they understand it; and some of them sing very well. Some will sketch very well; and others have an excellent memory for words; so that they can remember long passages. Dr. Spurzheim saw, at Hamburgh, a young man with a very low forehead. He recollected names, numbers, and historical facts, much better than many acute men; but he was utterly wanting in sagacity, penetration, and the powers of comparison. The doctor likewise saw, at a poor-house, a boy who excelled in the *memory of words*; but who, in *judgment*, was an idiot. He repeated whole passages from the bible;—simply from having heard them read. He also saw an idiotic child, who sang several airs; and who, if others began to sing, accompanied them in harmony. Many clever persons cannot tell “God save the Queen,” from “Rule Britannia;” or distinguish red from green; or keep their own accounts; so that deficiency in these respects does not constitute an idiot.

It will be perceived, then, that there is every degree of deficient intellect;—from the person who merely eats, drinks, sleeps, and grunts, up to him who is merely *imbecile* or *soft*. The latter character has been well described by Shakspeare, in his “Twelfth Night,” and “Merry Wives of Windsor.”

Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek says,—“Methinks, sometimes, I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man, has; but I am a great eater of beef; and I believe that does harm to my wit. I would I had bestowed that time on the tongues, that I have on fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!”\* An equally sagacious individual, in the character of Slender, says,—“Though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass. I’ll ne’er be drunk again whilst I live, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick. If I be drunk, I’ll be drunk with those that have the fear of God; and not with drunken knaves.”† Some idiots are very prone to imitation. There was one in the workhouse at Clapham, who had all the imitative disposition of a monkey. He would observe the proceedings of the surgeon; and, when the latter was gone, he would feel the pulses of the patients; and tie up their arms with a piece of tape, in order to bleed them. A torpid brain has sometimes been excited to action by some external circumstance. Thus, a case is recorded of a boy, whose talents were very inferior till a tile fell on his head; when he began to show great intellect; and Dr. Mason Good knew a lad, who was cured of his idioey by a fall from the first-floor into the street.

\* “Twelfth Night, or What you Will,” Act v., Scene 3.

† “Merry Wives of Windsor,” Act i., Scene 1.

This, and the preceding papers on this subject,‡ have been compiled from Dr. Rogers’s edition of the Lectures on Medicine delivered by Dr. Elliotson, in University College, London.§ This work excites much interest, and has obtained an extensive circulation, among the medical profession. One of the chief organs of that profession, “The London Medical Gazette,” has passed a very favourable opinion on its “judicious views, philosophical deductions, and sound methods of treatment. Almost every page,” it goes on to observe, “teems with valuable information. The details connected with insanity, and some other topics, are so illustrated and enlivened by curious facts from the writings of poets, historians, and philosophers, as to render them highly interesting and entertaining;—apart from the important practical matter with which they are interwoven. Much praise is due to the editor, for the exemplary manner in which he has acquitted himself. He has not overloaded the text with superfluous notes; but has appended just so much as was necessary for the purpose of illustration, and to fill up some hiatus. He has also considerably improved the language;—heretofore marred by the inaccuracies and omissions of reporters.”

#### VIRTUE AND VICE.

OWEN FELTHAM says:—As in the first institution of nature, it was enacted, and yet continues, that everything should bring forth fruit after his kind; so I find it in the propagation of virtue and vice. The Romans, for the friendship and riches of Attalus, bestowed on him the kingdom of Pergamus; and he, to express his gratitude, having no children of his own, left the city of Rome his heir; returning their gift, advantaged with his immense wealth. The virtues of Terentius, and his being one of the Roman senate, made so deep an impression in Scipio’s manly heart, that, when the Carthaginians came to sue for peace and a league, he would not hear them, until they brought him forth discharged out of his imprisonment, whom he placed on the throne with himself, and then dismissed his arms; and, this again so prevailed with Terentius, that when Scipio had his triumph, Terentius, though a senator, put himself into Scipio’s livery, and, as his freed man, waited on his pompous chariot. In the second Punic war, when Capua was besieged by Fulvius, two country-women would needs be kind to Rome; one daily made her offering for the safety of the army, and the other supplied the captive soldiers with food, and other necessities; which, at the sackage of the place, the senate of Rome required, with restoring them their goods and liberty, and

‡ See “the Mirror,” vol. xxiii., pp. 69, 114, and 183; Nos. 934, 937, and 941; February 2, and 23, and March 23, 1839.

§ See “the Mirror,” vol. xxiii., p. 189; No. 941; March 23, 1839.



granting them what else they desired. He teaches me to be good, that does me good; he prompts me to enlarge my heart to him, that first enlarges his own to me. He that sows iniquity, must look to reap it. How fatally and evidently was the massacre at Paris, scourged in those that were held for the chief actors and contrivers of it. Charles IX. died before he was twenty-five years of age; Anjou, the succeeding king, was assassinated in the same room the massacre was plotted in; Guise was murdered by the king's appointment; the queen, consumed with grief; and with succeeding civil war, both Paris and the nation torn. There is in vices, not only a natural production of evil in general, but also a proportion of parts and dimensions. Bagots, a Persian nobleman, having poisoned Artaxerxes and Arsames, was detected by Darius, and enforced to drink poison himself. Pope Alexander VI., having designed the poisoning of his friend, Cardinal Adrian, by his cup-bearer's mistake of the bottle, he cozened the cardinal of his draught. Treason and falsehood is often paid in its own peculiar kind. Tarpeia, that betrayed her father for what the soldiers of Tatius wore on their arms, instead of the bracelets she expected, was paid with their shields thrown on her, until they pressed her to death; Charles IV. of Germany, to requite the falsehood of three captains, whom he hired to persuade Philip of Austria from giving him battle, paid them in counterfeit money, assuring them, that counterfeit money was good enough for their counterfeit services; certainly, in vain they expect good, that would have it arise out of evil, or, by indirect courses, be enabled to attain the reward of just and virtuous actions.

W. G. C.

### Biography.

LIFE OF FLORIAN.

(Concluded from page 166.)

VERY shortly after this incident, Florian obtained a company of cavalry in one of Pen-thievre's regiments, which his family, who wished to see him attached to some one in power, prevailed on him to accept, although he himself would have preferred a more active life.

He was thus obliged to fix himself at Paris; and this tranquil life, for which he had such a dislike, did not contribute a little in making him a literary character. His *penchant* for the belles lettres was principally determined by the encouragement which Voltaire did not fail to give him; and his love for Spanish literature made him conceive the project of restoring the pictures of the age of chivalry, and even the delights of the pastoral age.

The habit of study which he had thus acquired, had become, in fact, necessary for him. He never passed a day without composing

something, and very often wrote from morning till night. In the midst of a work he would occasionally occupy himself with that which he intended to commence next.

Few authors have entered the French Academy so young as he; he being only 33 when he was nominated to that place. Unlike many authors, he did not consider this as an useless privilege; and if premature death had not stopped him in his career, he had still in his mind many literary projects for some years.

Among these projects was that of writing the lives of men illustrious in modern history, and to compare them, one with the other, after the model of Plutarch. In order to begin this work, he waited that his imagination might be a little cooled. This, said he, shall be the employment of my old age.

Florian, although he would, doubtless, have had brilliant success, was very rarely found in society. He loved composition, and was only happy when at home. He had taken a little apartment at the Hotel de Toulouse, which he rendered agreeable by arranging every thing according to his taste. To his library was annexed a museum, supplied with a multitude of birds, the care of which gave him amusement.

It was thus that he passed the most precious portion of life, in composing those charming works, and in practising all the social virtues. He always practised in his actions that sensibility which is so visible in his writings. Never did the unfortunate implore his aid in vain. Although he possessed but a very limited fortune, he found means to cater for himself the character of a benevolent man. When his own means did not suffice, he had recourse to his prince; and when his bookseller brought him a large sum in gold, he never failed to set a portion apart to send to his friend, the Abbot of St. Eustache, to be distributed among the poor.

Florian had began an ancient history when the French Revolution commenced its ravages in France. Everything seemed to unite to screen him from persecution. Without fortune—without ambition; only occupied in his literary works—desirous only of happiness, and seeking for it solely in solitude, who would suppose that the amiable, the virtuous Florian, would have had cause to dread men, who had erected altars to innocence and liberty! But Florian had been noble, and was good, virtuous, and estimable; and such titles as these were too sure to incur the hatred of the revolutionists. He was arrested, and thrown into the prison du Pont Libre, in the midst of persons whose cries and groans touched his feeling heart, and rendered his own situation a thousand times more miserable still.

Through the efforts of his friends he recovered his liberty on the 9 Thermidor. But, whether that the bad air, or the unwholesome diet, had altered his health, or whether the horrid scenes he had been witness to had so

forcibly seized on his imagination, Florian had lost his gaiety and cheerfulness. He continued to drag on a miserable existence, and slowly progressed towards death; until, overwhelmed with sorrows, he died at Licaux, where he had retired, on the thirteenth of September, 1794, at the age of 39.

Florian, as we have before observed, delighted in Spanish literature; he therefore wished to make a trial of translating an author of that nation. After hesitating some time, he chose Cervantes. Galatea was his favourite. He made many alterations in it, adding some scenes, and the last stanza nearly entire; and he intended to have finished the poem that Cervantes had left incomplete.

The success of Galatea tempted Florian to employ himself again in that kind of composition. In 1788 he published Estella, and obtained from it much greater success than he had expected. These two pastorals, the pritiest that we have in French, have undergone a translation into many languages, and are read with pleasure even by those who have the least taste for that kind of reading.

Florian was a great admirer of the dramatic art. He wrote some small pieces, which are delicious; and there is not, perhaps, a work more adapted for placing into the hands of young persons studying our language. Pleasant reading; of a style at once pure, simple, and elegant; and, throughout, breathing the purest morality. In fact, his little theatre merits to be, not only the companion of the young, but also the manual of the man of taste.

Try your hand at fables, said Penthievre one day to Florian. He followed this advice, and made fables; but this was only about three or four years before his death. In this kind of writing Florian was only inferior to the inimitable La Fontaine.

In 1791, he published Gonzalve de Cordove, an interesting poem. The Historical Summary of the Moons, which precedes it, is truly excellent, and makes us regret that premature death should have prevented him from writing history, as he had intended.

His original works present, in every respect, a character particularly natural, and full of sentiment. The best of his productions is considered by some to be that entitled "Claudine."

He was just finishing his translation of Don Quixote when death put an end to his labours, and deprived both the literary world and his friends of his talents. The translation, although it is the best we have in French, is a new proof of the difficulty which always exists in translating into a foreign language the writings of men of a truly original genius.

At his death he left many works, such as the commencement of an Ancient History for Youth, but which has not yet been published; a poem, William Tell, which he composed in great part while in prison; and, above all, Ephraim, which he considered as his *chef*

*d'œuvre*, and at which he was working when arrested. This poem, according to M. Boissy d'Anglas, is redolent of the tenderest brotherly regard, and jealous feelings of the passion of love in all its force and vigour.

He also wrote many other works, among which we may mention Numa Pompilius, which first appeared in 1786, but did not immediately obtain that eminence which its intrinsic excellence has since procured it.

The success of Telemachus, not greater than it deserved, had rendered the imitation of that kind of composition at all times difficult and dangerous. Florian appears to have feared the comparison, and seeks to propitiate the critic in a manner that does credit both to his understanding and to his heart, when he makes the goddess say to Numa, book ii. p. 3.—"Sith I do not expect thee to become her favourite (of Minerva), like as was the pen of Ulysses. No, my dear Numa! no mortal ought to flatter himself to approach the excellence of the divine Telemachus; he is Minerva's *chef d'œuvre*; and she will not, of course, deprecate her own performance. But still, happy is he who shall proceed, although at a distance, in his footsteps! Happy shall he be, to whom the goddess shall vouchsafe her regards, and who shall occupy the second place in her estimation!"

In general, Florian's poetry has more of grace than energy. His romances, especially, have both sweetness and facility; but when he rises to the sublime, he is often wanting in vivacity and force of expression.

His prose has the same character as his poetry; and if his works do not so powerfully affect the understanding, they have, at least, a sweet effect on the heart. After reading the delightful pages of a Pascal or a Bossuet, the mind has need of repose; as, after surveying the height of a mountain, or the immensity of a precipice, for some time, the eye seeks to repose itself on the plain.

After reading Florian, on the contrary, one only feels the desire of again reading it in the same manner; as it is delightful to see frequently from a lofty hill the setting sun diffusing its last rays on a fertile and pleasant country, the retreat of innocence and peace. The character of Florian was much more adapted for inspiring love, than for exciting admiration; and his works, in every respect, resemble his character. G. M. W.

#### ABSTRACTS FROM THE READINGS OF A BOOKWORM.

##### EMINENT PERSONS.

##### GOETHE.

This great man was sickly in his infancy, and, as a natural consequence, youth-melancholy ensued. His sensibility was exceedingly great; perhaps there never was a man who possessed it to a greater degree: he could "hang a thought on every thorn." He was

much given to a credence in omens, and in his "Memoirs," has given one of the instances in which the greatest impression was made on his mind. It appears that in the middle of the Rhine, a pavilion had been erected on an islet, to receive Marie-Antoinette and her suite, on the occasion of her marriage. "I was," says Goethe, "admitted into it. On my entrance, I was struck with the subject depicted on the tapestry with which the principal part of the pavilion was hung, in which were seen Jason, Creusa, and Medea, that is to say, a representation of one of the most fatal unions commemorated in history. On the left of the throne the bride, surrounded by friends and distracted attendants, was struggling with a painful death; Jason, on the other side, was starting back, struck with horror at the sight of his murdered children, and the Fury was soaring into the air, her chariot drawn by dragons." This omen was accomplished in every point.

Dr. Granville, who, on his return from St. Petersburg, paid a visit to the veteran of literature, thus describes his reception and impressions at p. 674, vol. ii.: "He advanced towards me with the countenance of one who does not seem to go through the ceremony of a first greeting 'a contre-cœur.' His person was erect, and denoted not the advance of age. His open and well arched eyebrows which give effect to the undimmed lustre of the most brilliant eye I ever beheld; his fresh look and mild expression of countenance at once captivated my whole attention; and when he extended his friendly hand to welcome me to his dwelling, I stood absorbed in contemplation of the first literary character of the age. The sound of his voice bespeaks peculiar affability—in his conversation he is ready rather than fluent; following rather than leading; unaffected, yet gentlemanly; earnest, yet entertaining."

Goethe, it appears from a work just published in Germany, and written by one who was intimate with him, never would allow the windows of his study or of his bed-room to be opened; however foul the air, he took a special delight in breathing it. It was only in his absence, and at no small risk of incurring his displeasure, that those around him, from motives of affection, took upon themselves to air his apartments. He was altogether insensible to nauseous smells; that of rotten apples, however, excepted; and for this smell, strange to say, Schiller had a singular predilection. It happened once, that Goethe, intending to pay a visit to the great poet, called at his house, but found him from home. Resolved to await his return, Goethe sat himself down in his study, and took up a book—presently, however, he felt a strange sort of giddiness, which momentarily increased, and compelled him, at length, to leave the room. Schiller's servant for a long time endeavoured to discover what could possibly have produced this extraordinary effect upon

the nerves of Goethe, and at last found secreted in a drawer, some twenty apples, in various stages of decomposition. Schiller thus preserved them in order to perfume his wardrobe.

Whether Goethe were at home or abroad, he invariably hastened to snuff the candles in his immediate neighbourhood, for this was an operation no one was ever found to perform to his fancy. He has even been known to leave a numerous and select society, with no small degree of ill-humour, because the servants had not snuffed the candles with, what he considered to be, the proper skill and elegance.

Goethe never could bear that any one should inquire after the state of his health, and whenever such an inquiry was made, he dexterously managed to start another topic of conversation. He loved life, but he cherished health still more; and yet he feared not the prospect of death. "The only things I now dread," said he, the last year of his existence, "are diseases and a painful death. God of his mercy grant me a mild death, and that as early as possible; this is now all I desire."

And the good man's prayer was heard; for the hour of his dissolution was almost imperceptible. About the middle of March, 1832, he caught a rather violent cold, which rapidly brought on a catarrh; on the 21st of the same month, he appeared to be in excellent spirits, and had not the slightest presentiment of his approaching end; he even explained to his daughter some political point, and asked for "Salvandy's Sixteen Months." His eyes were, however, too weak to read, and seeing himself compelled to give it up, he leant back in his chair, saying, "Well, let us do at least as the Mandarin does;" he then fell into a gentle slumber. Next day, he conversed with considerable cheerfulness, till the evening, when he almost entirely lost his speech. At ten o'clock he was affectionately holding within his own his beloved daughter's hand, at times looking at her with his already half-closed eyes, with an expression of the deepest tenderness. His daughter held his head in her arms, till, without the slightest appearance of pain or convulsion, he ceased to breathe.

He died in his 82d year. At the age of 51, he married his housekeeper, by whom he had a family.

#### BONNYCASTLE.

Leigh Hunt, in his "Life," describes Bonnycastle as a good fellow, tall, gaunt, long-headed, with large features, and spectacles, and a deep internal voice, with a twang of rusticity in it. He further says, that "he goggled over his plate like a horse," that "his laugh was equine," and that "he showed his teeth upwards at the side."

L. O. T.



## Examples of Public Imposture and Credulity.



THE HOUSE OF THE COCK-LANE GHOST.

"Doubtless, the pleasure is as great  
In being cheated, as to cheat."

HOWEVER seemingly-inexplicable this distich may appear, if we take the trouble to examine the numberless cheats that have been practised in our metropolis, and the intense eagerness with which the most improbable and even impossible projects have been listened to, and enthusiastically embraced as orthodox, it does certainly then seem that the above sentence, by that brilliant wit—Samuel Butler—is true; and *ergo*, the pleasure of cheating, and being cheated, are synonymous.

Few of the marvels, for which London is pre-eminent, ever created among the credulous and incredulous, a greater sensation than the vile imposture of the far-famed Cock-Lane Ghost—nay, not even the wonders of the wonderful Mary Tofts, the rabbit-breeder; or the affair of the girl Canning, and Squires the gipsy; the imposition of Ann Moore, the faster; nor the eventful prognostications of Brothers, or Johanna Southcott, exceeded it, for the time, in intensity of feeling in the public mind.

\* The *farce* of the Drummer, or the Hunted House, was written in burlesque of this redoubted spirit.

Our narrative will be as brief as possible, the object of introducing the subject to the notice of our readers, being principally to give a correct view of the house where the cheat was concocted and practised (and which may probably soon be removed,) than to tire them with a lengthened detail of a wicked and knavish plot, and which was believed by thousands of people, at the time, to be the workings of a *real Ghost*!!

In the year 1759, Mr. Parsons, the officiating clerk of St. Sepulchre's, had a lady and gentleman who lodged at his house in Cock-Lane; after residing there a few weeks, the gentleman was called to the country, and a daughter of Parsons' was taken by the lady, Miss Fanny, to bed with her; but who complained one morning to the family of having been greatly disturbed by violent noises. The noises continuing, several persons were invited to enter the chamber, and witness the truth of the assertion, among them being many of the greatest veracity and respectability. The gentleman, a Mr. Kent, arriving in town, removed to the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell, where the lady soon after died.

The noise discontinued at Parsons' house from the time of their leaving it till the beginning of January, 1762, and then it again began with redoubled fury. The girl, upon certain knockings and scratchings, which seemed to proceed from under her bedstead, was thrown into violent fits and agitations; and an attendant woman, and Parsons, the father of the girl, put questions to the ghost; and they also dictated that an affirmative was one knock; a negative, two; and when it was displeased, the scratch was very hard; and these knockings which disturbed Miss Fanny before her death, were now supposed to be her spirit. In the course of conversation with the ghost, it said, that Miss Fanny was killed by poison put in purl three hours before her death.

After this, many persons believing there was a deceit in the business, had the girl removed to a distance from Cock-lane, notwithstanding two of the assistants, besides Parsons and his daughter, positively declared that they saw the spectre really appear, in the luminous figure of a woman.

Accordingly, applications were made to the Lord Mayor, for his concurrence, in having the child removed from its father's to the house of the Rev. Mr. Aldrich, of Clerkenwell, in order (as it said) to detect the imposture, if any. Gentlemen of established character, both clergy and laity, were present at this examination, at Mr. Aldrich's, on the 1st of February. About ten o'clock at night the girl was put to bed by several ladies. The spirit had before promised by an affirmative knock, that it would attend one of the gentlemen into the vault under the church of St. John's, Clerkenwell, where the body of Miss Fanny was deposited, and give a positive proof of her being present there, by a knock upon the coffin. While the gentlemen were debating as to whether they would go there that night, they were summoned into the bed-chamber, where strange knocks and scratches had been heard; when the girl declared that she felt the spirit exactly like a mouse upon her back. When being desired to hold both her arms out of bed, no noise whatever was heard. The company then went into the vault, among whom was the said Mr. Kent, who was accused of poisoning Miss Fanny; and who solemnly implored the ghost to divulge the whole of the affair. But, "alas! poor ghost!" it was mute: "not a sound was heard," nor a token given. The event of this night convinced many the affair was all a hoax, but still there were very many who assisted the poor family of Mr. Parsons, in their troubles, and who demanded farther proof.

Sunday, the seventh of February, the girl was removed to the house of a gentleman in the Strand, and put to bed by two ladies, but no noise was heard that night, or the succeeding morning. On the Monday night, she was put into another bed, when the noise began,

about seven o'clock in the morning. Many other proofs were given of the great powers of the ghost, until the Sunday following, when it was ascertained that the girl had contrived to get into the kitchen, and concealed a board about six inches long, and four broad, under her stays; and having got into bed, said she would bring the spirit of Fanny at six o'clock the next morning, which she accordingly did, by knocking and scratching on this board. She was searched by two girls, and the board found in the bed.

The deception being discovered, this artful girl made a full confession; whereupon, on the tenth of July, 1762, five persons were tried before Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, in the Court of King's Bench, for a conspiracy against the reputation and life of William Kent, and, after a trial of twelve hours, were found guilty. Accordingly, some were fined; Elizabeth, the wife of Parsons, was imprisoned one year; Mary Frazer, six months; and Richard Parsons was set in the pillory three times in one month: first, at the end of Cock-lane; secondly, at the Royal Exchange; and thirdly, at Charing Cross:—and there we leave him.

#### THE EVILS OF WEALTH.

"I MIGHT make a volume," says Mr. Valpy, "in citing passages from Pagan writers, all tending to the confirmation of the Scripture assertion; but a few must suffice. Lycurgus considered the use of gold and silver as the groundwork of all crime, and forbade the possession of them on pain of death. Sallust calls money the most pernicious evil. Isocrates observes, that wealth is the minister of vice rather than of virtue, as it affords facilities to indolence, and invites the young to pleasures. Juvenal remarks, that the love of money increases in the same proportion as the possession of it. Ovid calls riches the incentive to evils. Propertius calls money 'the cruel food for the vices of men.' Such a love for possessing money, says Pliny, has invaded men, that they seem rather to be possessed by it than to possess it. So much so, that Cicero declares, that the world particularly admires the man who is not affected by money, and considers such a person as having gone through the ordeal of fire. The same writer observes, that 'what the Pythian oracle declared, that no other cause but avarice should destroy Sparta, it seemed to have predicted not only to the Lacedemonians, but to all other opulent nations.' But a writer, already cited, represents so forcibly the effects of wealth on his countrymen, that I must bring his words before the reader:—"When Carthage was destroyed, then fortune began to exert her malice, and throw everything into confusion. Ease and riches, the grand objects of the pursuit of

\* The Course of Nature urged on Principles of Analogy. In Vindication of Particular Texts of Scripture, from Scriptural Objections.

others, ruined those who had undergone toils and dangers. First, a love of money possessed their minds, then a passion for power, and these were the seeds of all the evils that followed. For avarice rooted out faith, probity, and every worthy principle; and in their stead, substituted insolence, inhumanity, and a mercenary spirit. Ambition obliged many to belie with their tongues, the sentiments of their hearts, and to value friendship and enmity only as they conduced to interest. These corruptions at first grew by degrees, and were sometimes checked by correction. At last, the infection spreading like a plague, the state was entirely changed, and the government, from being the most righteous and equitable, became cruel and insupportable.\* And again, 'When riches began to be held in esteem, virtue languished, and poverty was deemed a reproach. And thus, luxury, avarice, and pride, all springing from riches, enslaved the Roman youth: they wantoned in rapine and prodigality, trampled on modesty, friendship, and continence, and threw off all consideration and restraint.' But if we would wish to see more at large what wealth affected at Rome, let us survey the manners and characters of the rich, as portrayed by the graphic poetry of Juvenal, and observe how it converted the city into an abode of every abominable crime—into a very pandemonium.

### Manners and Customs.

#### CELTIC ORIGINS.—THE DRUIDS.\*

WHENCE came the Druids? This is a question that has been frequently put of late years, and the answer has generally been—the east. This is, as regards the sense of the mere word *east*, quite true; though when the particular part of this quarter of the earth is asked for, a variety of opinions become manifest: Persia, India, and Ceylon, are respectively stated to be the original seat of Druidism; and the asserters of these several opinions as to the native land of the Druids, in some instances, differ widely as to the nature of its principles. It has been identified with Buddhism! as if there could be any connexion between the end and aim of the religion of Buddha, which was "nigban," or annihilation, and the "felicity in heaven" of Druidism. Druidism was not Buddhism. Moore† declares that the Druidic system did not exist in Britain; because Julius Cæsar did not encounter any Druids during his temporary visits to this island; and because there is proof of the existence of persons with this name in Ireland, up to the time of the conversion of the Irish to Christianity. Cæsar's not meeting with any Druids is no evidence of their non-existence in this island. In the first place, Cæsar's visits were very brief; and, in the next place,

the Druidic was essentially a pacific institution: it was the duty of its members to avoid scenes of contention, as they were men of peace; and the presence of a Druid in a place of conflict, when the opposing parties acknowledged the Druidic authority, was ever sufficient to produce a pacification between the contending bodies. The singularity, if any, would, therefore, be in Cæsar's meeting with any Druids: he could only have encountered them as captives, and this their principles kept them from. Mr. Moore also endeavours to make his readers believe, that the Gaulish evidence as to the instruction of their Druids in Britain, is entirely a mistake of this island for Ireland; as if they did not know any distinction between the two islands; when Cæsar himself, on the same Gallic evidence, expressly describes Mr. Moore's "Sacred Island." In this case it is clear that the Gauls knew of Ireland as a distinct island from Britain; and Mr. Moore must allow that they knew best themselves as to which of the islands they received their instruction in.

Notwithstanding Mr. Moore's theory, there is good ground for the belief that Druidism was the earliest religion of Europe and the British Isles. But if we examine those records, the Triads, which are too often thought unworthy of notice, we shall find that Druidism maintained its original purity only in Britain. For the institutional Triads inform us, that the Irish were one of the three nations which corrupted Druidism, "mixing with it heterogeneous principles." This is sufficiently borne out by the evidences we still possess of the nature of Druidism, and its pacific principles, unsupported by the information collected by Julius Cæsar: this evidence proves that there was a great difference between the religion of Celtic Britain and that of Ireland, according to Irish writers. The nature of this difference is apparent in the fact of the existence of the "Field of Slaughter," and the worship of the Phœnician "Beel-Saman," in the sacred island, and their non-existence in Britain. The British Druids did not compel children to pass through the fire to the Moloch Coom-Cruach, or any other idol; for they know nothing of idolatry and its debasing effects. But the British Druids are charged with human sacrifice to their gods; this cannot be true, for they acknowledged but one deity, *Dur-Tad*, (God the Father), the Dis-pater and Tutæator of Cæsar, and the Roman writers. This charge seems to have arisen out of the following ancient law—"There are three ways in which correction by the loss of life may be inflicted; decapitation, hanging, and burning; and the king, or lord of the territory, shall determine which of these shall be inflicted."

As we have the impartial testimony of the Gauls as to the existence and purity of British Druidism, we may reasonably be allowed to

\* See pages 334, 391, of Mirror, vol. 29; and 101, vol. 30.

† History of Ire and, vol. I, in Cabinet Cyclopædia.

‡ For authority for this punishment, see Leviticus xx. and xxi, and Joshua vii.

search for its origin among the remains of the institution that have been preserved. In the Triads, the origin of the Druidic institution is ascribed to *Hu Gadarn*, (Hu the Mighty,) who is also recorded as the leader of the nation of the *Cymry*, from the *Gwlad yr haf*, (Summer country,) into Britain: and it is further recorded, that it was solely the desire of peace that caused this emigration. The character of this event, thus given, is worthy of remark connected with the pacific character of Druidism, according to Cæsar and the Triads. The time of the origin and passage of Druidism, into the west of Europe and Britain, it is impossible to ascertain; though it must have been at a very early period, as the Gauls, who were of the same race, considered the aborigines of Britain as *indigenæ*. This proves that the passage of the *Cymry* into this island must have happened long before the settlement of their kindred in Gaul. *Hu Gadarn* was known among the Gauls by the name of *Hesus*, according to Roman authorities; as the first part of the name of *Hesus* is the exact pronunciation of *Hu*; it is most probable that the termination is a Latin addition: the fore-mentioned authorities inform us, that *Hesus* was the Mars of the Gauls; if this was the case, it is an evidence of the corruption of Druidism in Gaul, for *Hu Gadarn* was the personification of Druidic principles. The statement of the passage of Druidism, from the eastern to the western parts of Europe, is supported by the existence of these monuments of a by-gone age, known as Druidical altars and tombs, in various parts of the Continent, as well as in Britain, and among the Caucasian mountains: Mr. Moore asserts that the existence of these monuments is no proof that Druidism ever existed in the countries in which they are found. A personage mentioned in the Tryads by the name of *Tydain Tod Awen*, (Tydain, Father of Poetry,) seems to connect Druidism with the early mythology of Greece; as the title of Father of Poetry is nearly identical with the Grecian deity, Apollo; under whom were the Muses, one of whose names were *Äonides*; this word and *Awen*\* are evidently related. Apollo is also stated to have retired to the land of the Hyperboreans, or Celts, when he was exiled from heaven† and to have, afterwards, paid them periodical visits from Delphi. To account for this, it should be recollected that the popular form of Druidism was helio-arkite, and there is every reason for believing that the first colonists of Greece and Britain belonged to the Celtic division of the human family, which appears to have been settled antecedent to history, and known to the Greeks by the names of Hyperboreans‡.

\* The proper sense of this word is inspiration.

† Apollonius Rhodius; who calls them "the sacred H. perboreans."

‡ Herodotus, in Melpomene, bears witness to the connection between the Hyperboreans and the Grecian mythology; he describes their transmission of sacrificial offerings to Delos. Diodorus Siculus speaks of a

and *Cimmerioi*, or *Cimmerians*, in the Crimea, and the parts adjacent. The Crimea is claimed by the *Cymry* as their original residence, (*Gwlad yr Haf*.) The connection of the names *Cimmerioi* and *Cymry* must be apparent to every one. Were the Druidical monuments in the Caucasus erected by them in their passage north, from the centre whence the human race diverged! This is highly probable, for the principles of Druidism connect it with the religion of the patriarchs.

SION GRAY.

### ROYAL RESIDENCES.

It is curious to trace the variety of Royal residences (exclusively of what may be termed the great or national palaces) which the partiality of different sovereigns for particular spots, occasioned to be erected in former times; and the neighbourhoods of which, like Brighton in the present day, once derived a temporary eclat from that circumstance, but are now scarcely known. An account of some of these, principally in the vicinity of London, follows; they, however, probably include a small part, as more palaces are ascribed to King John alone, than what we have noticed. A list, with an account of the whole, could it be collected, would by no means form an unentertaining work.

**HAVING BOWER**, in Essex.—Nearly one of the first of these, was an ancient retreat of our Saxon kings; particularly of that simple saint, Edward the Confessor, who took great delight in it as being woody, solitary, and fit for devotion. "It so abounded," says the legend, "with warbling nightingales, that they disturbed him in his devotions. He therefore earnestly prayed for their absence; since which time never nightingale was heard to sing in the park, but many without the pales, as in other places." It was named Bower, from some fine bower, or shady walk, like Rosamond's Bower, at Woodstock. Here the Confessor is reported to have built a palace, or perhaps improved one; it was of freestone, and leaded. Some parts of the walls are still standing. Beside this palace there was another called **PRAGO**, which seems to have been always a jointure-house of a queen consort. Here died Joan, queen of Henry IV. It was certainly one of the royal seats in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; for during her progress into Suffolk and Norfolk in 1570, she resided here some days. It was subsequently the seat of the late Lord Archer, and was pulled down in 1770.

**WOODSTOCK**, in Oxfordshire, was formerly famous for its magnificent palace, built by King Henry I., who joined to it a very large park, enclosed with a wall, which, according to John Rosse, was the first park in England.

circular temple of the Hyperboreans in an island opposite Gaul; this is supposed by many to have been Stonehenge, but Mr. Moore will not allow this application, and claims it for Ireland.

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Queen Elizabeth, before she was confined to the Tower, was kept prisoner here by her sister Mary. Rosamond's Bower, near this, was built by Henry II., and exhibited some remains until of late years.

The term "King John's Palace," has been applied to so many old buildings, that if at all correct, he must have had more residences than any other English sovereign. Few of the places, however, so ascribed, bear any decisive evidences of being even of his age. Near the metropolis may be mentioned, among others, Bermondsey Abbey and Holywell Priory, Shoreditch; at both of which there are public-houses, which have his head for signs. Besides, there have been mentioned, as the sites of palaces of this king, Old Ford, Tottenham-court-road, and various other neighbourhoods.

KING'S LANGLEY, Herts, was a favourite spot with Henry III. who built a royal palace there, some ruins of which are still to be seen. King Richard II. and his Queen, kept a Christmas at this palace, and were buried in the adjoining monastery, though afterwards removed to Westminster, by Henry V. Here was also born and buried, Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, son of Edward III. The palace, park, and manor, were given by James I. to Henry, Prince of Wales, and at his death to his brother Charles, who, after he came to the throne, granted them to Sir Charles Morrison. The Earl of Essex is now lord of the manor.

ELTHAM was a celebrated retreat of our ancient monarchs. It was early in possession of the crown, but having been fraudulently obtained by Anthony Bec, Bishop of Durham, he beautified the capital mansion, and left it to Eleanor, the queen of Edward I. Edward II. frequently resided here; and here his queen was delivered of a son, who had the name of John of Eltham. Possibly from this circumstance it is improperly called "King John's Palace;" unless it should have obtained that appellation from the sumptuous entertainment given here by Edward III. to the captive King John of France. Henry VII. built the front of this palace toward the moat, but it was neglected after Greenwich became the favourite country residence of his successors. Our princes often celebrated their festivals at Eltham with great pomp. One of the last of these feasts was held here at Whitsuntide, 1515, when Henry VIII. created Sir Edward Stanley Baron Montague for his services at Flodden Field. Part of the stately hall which was the scene of these feasts, is still in tolerable preservation, and is used as a barn. Queen Elizabeth, who was born at Greenwich, was frequently carried thence to Eltham, when an infant, for the benefit of the air, and this palace she visited in a summer excursion round the country in 1559. Considerable remains of this celebrated palace, besides those of the great hall, still exist.

Richard II. before he came to the crown, resided at the palace of KENSINGTON, built by

his father, Edward the Black Prince. In 1396, his young queen, Isabel, was conveyed, amid a prodigious concourse of people, from Kensington to the Tower. Henry V. was here when the clergy complained to him of Sir John Oldcastle. At what time it was demolished is not known.

RICHMOND PALACE was the favourite retreat of Henry VII. Here Edward III. died of grief for the loss of his heroic son Edward the Black Prince; and here also died Anne of Bohemia, Queen of Richard II., who is said to have first taught the English ladies the use of the side-saddle, before which time they rode astride. Richard was so afflicted at her death, that he deserted and defaced the palace; but it was repaired and beautified by Henry V., who founded three religious houses near it. It was destroyed, in 1497, by fire, when it was magnificently rebuilt by Henry VII. who named it Richmond, from having himself borne the title of Earl of Richmond before he came to the throne. The exterior of this grand pile, as finished by him, may be judged of from the Antiquarian Society's print, and two or three other representations; and a very curious account of it may be found in the *Antiquarian Repertory*, and likewise in Nichols's *Royal Progresses*. Besides this structure, Henry repaired and enlarged the Manor-house of Working, in Surrey, which had been the inheritance and residence of his mother, Margaret, Countess of Richmond, who died there. Fine brick foundations, and the shell of a guard-room, are still remaining, of this royal palace. This monarch also rebuilt Baynard's Castle, London, and made it an occasional residence.

GREENWICH PALACE, called *Placentia*, was one of the most favourite country residences of Henry VIII., as also of his daughter, Queen Elizabeth. This palace, which was first erected by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, stood on the site of the present Greenwich Hospital. It was enlarged by Henry VII., and completed by Henry VIII.; but being afterwards suffered to run to decay, was pulled down by Charles II., who began a magnificent edifice, and lived to see the first wing finished. He also enlarged and walled the Park. The part of the palace now remaining is converted into a residence for the ranger. Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth were both born here; and here also Edward VI. died. It appears, from prints of it near their time, to have been a very grand and extensive pile.

NONSUCH was another retreat of this monarch which well merits description. This was situated in Surrey, near Epsom, and obtained its name from its unparalleled beauty. Hentzner, speaking of this palace, says, "It was chosen for his pleasure and retirement, and built with an excess of magnificence. One would imagine every thing that architecture can perform to have been employed in this one work; there are every where so many statues that seem to breathe, so many mira-



cles of consummate art, that it may well claim its name of Nonsuch." He speaks with equal admiration of the gardens. King Charles II. gave this fine structure to the Duchess of Cleveland, who pulled it down, and sold the materials. This prince had palaces also at Dartford, Eastham, Greenfield-house, Hanworth, Hunsdon; and at London, (besides the established palace of Westminster,) those of St. James's, Whitehall, and Bridewell.

The palaces and country seats of Elizabeth were extremely numerous. The following were some of the principal:—viz. Enfield, Hatfield, Barn Elms, Beddington, Loughton, Mary-la-bonne, Islington, Newington, &c.; a description of all of which would be too long for insertion here. We shall only notice two or three.

**ENFIELD.**—The lodge or palace at this place was a brick building, erected by Sir Thomas Lovel, in the reign of Henry VII., and bought of him by Henry VIII., as a nursery for the royal children. Edward VI. went from hence to the Tower, on his accession to the throne, in 1547. And in 1557, the Queen (then Princess Elizabeth) was escorted from Hatfield to Enfield-place, by a retinue of twelve ladies in white satin, on ambling palfreys, and twelve yeomen in green, all on horseback, that her grace might hunt the hart.

**HATFIELD,** from which she went on this occasion, was a palace at which she resided several years before she came to the throne. William, second son of Edward III. was named William of Hatfield, from being born here. James I. exchanged this palace for Theobalds, with the Earl of Salisbury.

The ancient mansion at Barn Elms, called "Queen Elizabeth's Dairy," was another of this princess's occasional residences, as was Beddington, Loughton, near Epping; the "Lodge," at Islington, the Grove at Newington, and nearer town the royal palace of Mary-la-bonne. In Queen Elizabeth's Progresses, it is recorded that "on the 3d of February, 1600, the ambassadors from the Emperor of Russia, and other Muscovites, rode through the city of London to Mary-la-bonne park, and there hunted at their pleasure, and shortly after returned homeward." What a contrast to the present state of this parish, now entirely covered with magnificent streets and squares, which form a part of the metropolis!

**THEOBALDS,** in Hert, was the delight of James I., who exchanged, as just observed, Hatfield for it with the Earl of Salisbury. Its gardens and pleasure-grounds are described to have been in the style of those at Nonsuch. It was granted away by Charles II., and is now private property. King James died at this palace, and the room in which he expired was in existence until 1765, when that and the other remains of the palace were totally destroyed.

Of our other monarchs, it will be sufficient to mention that Charles I. had a residence at Oatlands, and a second, it is supposed, at

Hackney. Charles II. at Winchester, besides Ham House, afterwards the seat of the Earl of Lauderdale; and William and Mary at Kensington, still a royal palace, and where the former breathed his last. George II. seems to have been much attached to Hampton Court, and the partiality of George III. for Windsor, as well as of George IV. for Brighton, and of her present Majesty for Buckingham Palace, are well known.

## NAPOLEON'S CORONATION.

### DOMESTIC DISSENSIONS.

NAPOLEON, it is well known, was of a highly irritable temper, and ill brooked any opposition to his orders. Bourienne informs us that, at times, he was worked up to such a pitch, that he often ran the risk of overturning the chair on which he sat, so violent was the action with which he threw himself against the back. Other authors have related numerous anecdotes of the suddenness of his fits of passion, some even going so far as to aver, that the Emperor raised his hand against the Pope. Few, however, have recorded the dissensions which, on the day of his coronation, are said to have reigned among the immediate members of his family. The author of "The Secret History of St. Cloud" tell us, that the principal part of that day was spent by Josephine in tears in her library; for, according to the military rules by which the whole household was regulated, she had incurred the displeasure of her husband. "When, on the 28th of March, 1804, the senate had determined on offering Bonaparte the imperial dignity, he immediately gave his wife full powers to form the household of persons who, from their birth and principles, might be worthy, and could be trusted, to encompass the imperial couple. She consulted Madame Rémusat, who, in her turn, consulted her friend de Ségur, who, in his turn, consulted his *bonne amie*, Madame de Momburc. This lady determined that, if Bonaparte and his wife felt desirous to be waited upon by persons above them in ancestry and honour, they should pay liberally for such sacrifices. The old nobility started objections she was not prepared to encounter, and time passed away till the 18th of May; when the senate, having proclaimed Napoleon Emperor of the French, not a chamberlain was ready to attend him, nor a maid of honour to attend on his wife. In the morning of the 20th of May, Napoleon asked Josephine who were the persons of each sex she had engaged, as necessary and unavoidable decorations of any emperor and empress. She referred him to Mad. Rémusat, who, though but half-dressed, was obliged to appear before him. This lady avowed, that his grand master of the ceremonies, de Ségur, had been entrusted by her with the whole arrangement, but that she feared he had not been able to complete the whole of the imperial court. Rapp, the aide-de-camp, was then

dispatched after de Segur, who, as usual, presented himself, smiling and cringing. \* \* \* "The advice was followed by Napoleon (of having his staff, and that of Murat, the governor of Paris, to attend him). De Segur was permitted to retire; but when Mad. Rémusat made a courtesy to leave the room, she was stopped by the terrible *aux arrêts* of Napoleon, and left under the care and responsibility of Lebrun, who saw her safe to the door of her room, where he placed two grenadiers. Napoleon then went out, ordering his wife, at her peril, to be ready, and brilliantly dressed, for the drawing-room. Dreading the consequences of her husband's wrath, Josephine was not only punctual, but so elegantly and tastefully decorated with jewels and ornaments, that all acknowledged her taste and dignity. She thought that, even in the regards of Napoleon, she read a tacit approbation. When all the troublesome bustle of the morning was gone through, and when senators, legislators, tribunes, and prefects, had complimented her as the model of female perfection, on a signal from her husband, she accompanied him in silence through six different apartments before he came to her library, when he surlily ordered her to enter and wait his further commands. 'What have I done, sire, to deserve such treatment?' exclaimed Josephine, trembling. 'If,' answered her husband, 'your friend, Madame Rémusat, has made a fool of you, this is to teach you that you shall not make a fool of me. Have patience, madam! you have plenty of books to divert you, but you must remain where you are until I am inclined to release you.' So saying, Napoleon locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

"It was near two in the afternoon when she was shut up: remembering the recent flattery of her courtiers, and comparing it with the unfeeling treatment of her husband, she found herself the more unfortunate, as the expressions of the former were regarded by her as praise due to her merit, while the unkindness of the latter was unavailingly resented as the undeserved oppression of a despot. Business, or perhaps malice, made Napoleon forget to send her any dinner; and when, at 8 o'clock, his brothers and sisters, according to invitation, came to take tea, he said, coldly, 'Apropos, I forgot, my wife has not dined yet; she is busy, I believe, in her philosophical meditations in her study. Madame Louis Bonaparte, her daughter, flew immediately towards her study, and her mother could scarcely for her tears inform her, that she was a prisoner, and that her husband was her jailer. 'Oh, sire,' said Madame Louis, returning, even this remarkable day is a day of mourning for my poor mother.' 'She deserves worse!' replied Napoleon, 'but for your sake she shall be released; here is the key, let her out.'"

"On the same day, Madame Mère was alive to all the respect and deference she considered due to her, being the mother of him whose head

was about to be encircled with the imperial diadem. She gave a gentleman, one of her household, orders to observe how many arm-chairs, stools, and chairs, had been placed for the imperial family, and to make his report to her, unobserved, as soon as she entered. This gentleman executed his orders punctually, and informed her that there were but two arm-chairs, one chair, and so many stools. 'Ah! I thought as much!' cried Madame Mère, red with rage; 'the chair is for me, but they have reckoned without their hostess.' Walking quickly up to the ill-omened chair, she asked the chamberlain on duty, with lips quivering with passion, 'Where was her seat?' He motioned with a deep bow to the chair. The queens had already seated themselves on the stools. To snatch hold of the chair, throw it on the unfortunate chamberlain's feet, who nearly screamed with pain, and to rush into the closet where Napoleon and Josephine were waiting, was the affair of a moment to the exasperated mother. The most indecent scene followed, during which the empress-mother declared in the most vehement terms, that if an arm-chair was not immediately given her she would leave the 'salle,' after explaining aloud the reason for her conduct. Napoleon, though furiously exasperated, was obliged to put a good face upon the matter, and got out of the scrape by throwing the whole blame on poor Count Segur; and, "says the narrator of this extraordinary scene, "de Segur was presently seen, himself carrying an arm-chair for the (for once) victorious mother."

At the marriage of Marie Louise the very same incident was repeated, only that the humbled and intimidated mother no longer had courage to urge the point. H. M.

#### PERILOUS ADVENTURE AT THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

AN occurrence of the most thrilling interest, lately took place at Niagara Falls, attended with imminent peril to the lives of two individuals, but resulting in a most happy and providential deliverance. The new bridge to Iris island is planted in a frightful rapid, where the current is from 20 to 30 miles an hour, and is only about 100 to 150 yards above the brow of the great precipice or perpendicular fall. A carpenter, by the name of Chapin, was engaged with others in covering the bridge, and while at work upon a staging, about 100 feet from Iris island, accidentally lost his footing, and was precipitated into the rapids, and in the twinkling of an eye swept away toward the great cataract. Speedy and inevitable destruction seemed to await him: but fortunately he was uninjured by the fall, and even in this most hopeless condition retained perfect self-possession. Turning his eye toward the only point of hope above the

\* Secret History of St. Cloud, Vol. i., pp. 71, &c.

† Tour of a German Prince, Vol. iv. p. 282.

fearful precipice, he succeeded, by great dexterity in swimming, in effecting a landing upon a little island some 20 feet in width and length, the outermost of a group of little cedar islands, situated some 30 or 40 yards above the Falls, and about equidistant from Goat Island and the American shore. There he stood for an hour, looking calmly and beseechingly back upon the numerous spectators who lined the bridge and shores, but with whom he could hold no conversation on account of the distance and the roar of the rapids. There is a man in the village of the Falls, by the name of Robinson, of extraordinary muscular power, great intrepidity, and withal, an admirable boatman, and he was probably the only one that could have been found within 50 miles, who generously volunteered his services, to attempt reaching the island in a boat, and bring Chapin off. A light boat of two oars, similar in construction to the Whitehall race-boats, was soon procured, and he embarked. He proceeded with great deliberation and consummate skill, darting his little boat across the rapid channels, and at the intervening eddies, holding up to survey his situation and recruit his strength for the next trial. In a few minutes he neared the island, but a rapid channel still intervened, sweeping close to the island, and rendering the attempt to land very difficult. He paused for a moment, and then, with all his strength, darted across and sprang from his boat—his foot slipped, and he fell backward into the rapid current. With the spectators it was a moment of thrilling interest and breathless silence; his boat seemed inevitably lost, and himself in fearful jeopardy. Retaining, however, his grasp on the boat, he sprang in, and again seizing his oars, brought up under the lee of the little island. All again felt a momentary relief, but still the great labour and hazard of the enterprise remained to be overcome. A cool head and a strong arm only could effect it. Robinson proved equal to the task. Taking his companion on board, in the same careful and deliberate manner, though at infinitely greater hazard and labour, they effected a safe landing on Goat Island. There the spectators assembled to give them a cordial greeting. A scene of great excitement ensued; the boat was drawn up the bank, and it was moved and carried by acclamation, that a collection be taken upon the spot for Chapin and his deliverer Robinson. After the collection, Robinson and Chapin took their seats in the boat, and were carried in triumph on the shoulders of their neighbours to the village. The interest of the whole scene was heightened by the presence of Chapin's wife and children, who stood on the shore watching with unavailing horror and agony what seemed his inevitable fate.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*, Aug. 1839.

## The Gatherer.

Organs were first introduced into divine service, A. D. 751.

The proprietor of "The Eccaleobion," has just added some live fish to his collection, "which," he says, not only appear to articulate sounds, but to perform pieces of music in the most correct and harmonious manner."—What next!

The recent case of Miss Moyes, who threw herself from the top of the Monument on Wednesday, the 11th instant, is the fourth instance on record of this kind of suicide. The first was that of a weaver, in 1750; the second, John Craddock, a baker, in 1788; and the third, Lyon Levy, a diamond merchant, January 17th, 1810.

What a charming sight is a large tree in blossom, and after that, when loaded with fruit, enough perhaps to make a hog'shead of cyder or perry! A scene of beauty, hopes, and profit, and all! It may be on less than two feet diameter of ground. And above all, what matter of contemplation does it afford, when we let our thoughts descend to a single kernel of an apple or pear! And again, how heightened, on the beholding so great a bulk raised and preserved, by Omnipotent Power, from so small a body.—*Ellis's Practical Farmer*.

Tiles were first used in the year 1246.

*Gentleman*.—The word "gentleman" is evidently no mark of wealth or station. "You are no gentleman," said a waiter in a tavern to a person who gave him threepence. Threepence more would have constituted the gentleman in the eyes of the waiter, and this threepence may have been withheld through poverty. "What sort of a person," said an individual to his landlady, "is that who occupies your back parlour?" "He is a tailor by trade," said she; "but very much the gentleman." This meant that he paid his five shillings a week regularly. Thus it seems that the word is not confined by any regard to the station or trade of the individual. There is no doubt that we have all a vague conception of something when we hear of a man being a gentleman. If a man eat too heartily, he is not a gentleman; and if another have nothing to eat, he also is not a gentleman.

In the Museum at Oxford, there is a man's skull with five horns on it; also two horns taken from a man's forehead; and a horn five inches and a half long, taken from the head of Mrs. Davis, of Cheshire.

*Treatment of Erysipelas by Raw Cotton*.—Dr. F. Robertson, of Augusta, Georgia, reports in the July number of the *Southern Medical and Surgical Journal*, two cases of erysipelas successfully treated by the external application of raw cotton.

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